

PunterNet UK

Review of Mei of Woking

Review No. 76113 - Published 14 Aug 2007

Details of Visit:

Author: Man Meat

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: 4th August 07 11:00

Duration of Visit: 28

Amount Paid: 60

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Independent Angels

Website: <http://www.independentangels.co.uk>

Phone: 07780166374

The Premises:

Rectangular rooms.

The Lady:

Description: Early twenties. 20-inch long brunette hair with highlights. Exquisitely enhanced breasts - like half coconuts, but softer. Give the surgeon a peanut.

The Story:

When Mei walked into the room, I was pleased to see she looked lovely. She was a tiny slip of a girl, a teeny-weeny size 6. She was wearing a shiny red dress that clung to her curves like tailored clingfilm. She unwrapped herself and we fell into an embrace. We kissed fully and I sucked on her right nipple until it resembled a chewed pen top.

As we kissed, she one-handedly pulled my boxer shorts down to my knees. Then she moved towards my cock to suck it. Clumsily, I attempted to use my feet to remove my shorts totally. When I tried to kick them across the room, I inadvertently kneed Mei in the face. She took it well - the shocked expression melted into a smile and she kissed my nads and licked my shaft. As she did this, she stared into my eyes just like my cat does when he's hungry. Then she took my cock into her mouth.

After about 4 minutes she asked, "You want me go on top?"

"Go on then," I encouraged.

She peeled open a condom and rolled it gently over my penis. It was a tight fit so she had to do it carefully.

"It's a snug fit," I said.

"Yes, you can't cover an elephant with just a lotus leaf," she said enigmatically.

"Eh?" I answered.

"What position you like?"

"How about 'The Congress of the Cow?' I inquired.

"I don't know that one. Shall we try 'The Whistling Black Bee Triumphs?'"

"Why not," I affirmed.

She got on top of me and bounced up and down for a while. After three minutes she asked, "You

want go on top now?"

"I'll have a go. Shall we try 'The Lazy Dog Contemplates the Afterlife?'"

"Yes, please," she enthused.

She lay face down on the bed. I slipped my bamboo stalk up her chuff and hammered away. She turned her head and said, "Mister, you not in!"

Feeling slightly ashamed, I pulled her cheeks apart and made sure I'd correctly entered her pink orchid. "Is that better?" I asked.

"Oh yes, the cart's wheels are in the track!"

This position felt strangely naughty and I was so turned on I upped the pace to ramming speed. She was taking a pounding, and I wanted to check she was ok, so I asked, "You ok?"

"Me very good. You fuck like buttocks on fire!"

Her sweet words helped to spur me on. Within seconds I felt the moment of joy arrive. As my sac emptied, I kissed the side of her face in gratitude.

She cleaned me up and wiped the perspiration from my brow. I glanced at the temperature reading on my fancy digital watch: it was only 21 degrees centigrade, but I was sweating like Chris Langham in a creche.

Buddha bows low to Water Bug and Butterfly of the Night.